

SUMMER ISSUE
No. 8

PLASTIC MAN

10¢

PRIMES CRIME
for the
PAY-OFF!





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

Here's the Greatest **BILFOLD BARGAIN** in all America!

4 BIG VALUES in ONE

All for only
\$1.98

- ★ This Smart Leather Billfold and Pass Case
- ★ Handy, Built-In Coin Holder For Your Loose Change
- ★ Genuine Rabbit's Foot Key Holder With Flexible Gilt Chain
- ★ 3-Color Identification Plate

Beautifully Engraved with
Your Name, Address and
Social Security Number

YOU GET THIS!
Smart looking, beautifully
styled Leather Billfold with
pass case to hold membership
and credit cards. Pat-
terned securely so currency and
valuables can't fall out.



Here's The BUILT-IN COIN HOLDER

COIN HOLDER
IS SECURELY RIVETED TO BILFOLD

This Smart **LEATHER BILFOLD**
Comes to You Complete with

- ★ Large Built-In COIN HOLDER
- ★ A Self-Contained PASS CASE
- ★ Rabbit's Foot KEY HOLDER with Chain
- ★ An Engraved IDENTIFICATION PLATE

Your Permanent
Engraved Identification
and Social Security Tag

Clear-
View
CELLULOID
PASS
LEAVES

DeLuxe
VALUE

Smart
STYLING

YOU GET THIS!
Genuine Rabbit's Foot Key
Holder with Flexible Gilt
Chain in addition to the
handy Coin Holder which is
securely fastened to the
Bilfold as pictured above.



NOTE: No C.O.D. Orders to Canada
ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART
1227 LOVELA AVE., CHICAGO 26, ILL.

**YOUR FULL NAME, Address, City
and State is BEAUTIFULLY ENGRAVED
on the 3-Color Social Security Plate!!**

Here's something new in a bilfold. Without a doubt the handiest and greatest Bifold Bargain that you'll be likely to see for a good many years to come. Designed by skilled Bifold craftsmen and made available to our customers at a price that's sensationally low for a bilfold with so many unusual features. If you have shopped around you know that it is virtually impossible to get even an ordinary type bilfold which holds just currency for less than \$2.00. Then take a good look at this new smart Leather Bifold and see all you get for only \$1.98. Besides the spacious compartment at the back which can be used for currency, checks, papers, etc., there's a beautiful plastic Coin Holder for your loose change built right into your bilfold. Then there's a built-in Pass Case with 4 pockets each protected by celluloid to prevent the soiling of your valuable membership and credit cards. We also send you a genuine Rabbit's Foot and attached Gilt Chain for your keys in addition to a specially designed 3-color Emergency Identification Plate, on which we engrave your Social Security Number, your name and your address.

Men, here's a bilfold for you. Actually 4 Big Values in One. Everything you need, everything you use regularly, right where you want them. Easy to get at! Handy! Efficient! Durably made! The neatest, most complete bilfold you've ever seen. So rush your order today. If after receiving your bilfold you don't agree that this is the most outstanding bargain you ever came across, return it and we'll cheerfully refund your money.

RUSH THIS COUPON for THIS ONCE-IN-A-LIFETIME BARGAIN!

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept. 9407
1227 Lovola Ave., Chicago 26, Ill.

Let Please send me the "Smart Leather Pass Case Bifold" with Built-in Coin Holder, genuine Rabbit's Foot Key Holder and engraved 3-Color Social Security Plate. On arrival I will pay postman only \$1.98 plus 20% Federal Tax and few cents postage and C.O.D. charges. It is understood that if I am not positively thrilled and delighted in every way I can return the bilfold within 10 days for full refund.

MY FULL NAME

ADDRESS

(PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY)

CITY

STATE

☐ To save shipping charges I am enclosing in advance \$1.98 plus 20% Federal Excise Tax (total \$2.37).

• Social Security No. _____ Please ship my Bilfold order all postage charges prepaid.

SEND NO MONEY!
JUST MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

PLASTIC MAN, Summer, 1947, No. 8. Published quarterly by Comic Magazines, 8 Lord Street, Buffalo, N. Y. Executive Offices, Gurley Building, 322 Main Street, Stamford, Conn. E. M. Arnold, General Manager. George E. Brenner, Editor. Entered as 2nd class matter Nov. 21, 1945 at the Post Office, Buffalo, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1979. The characters and events pictured herein are entirely fictitious. The Publisher accepts no responsibility for unsolicited material. Editorial and Advertising Offices, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Copyright 1947 by Comic Magazines. Printed in U. S. A.

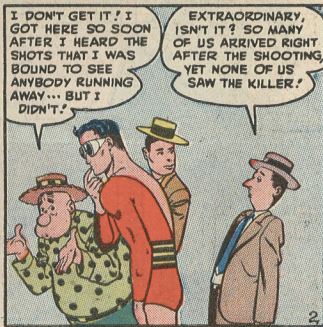
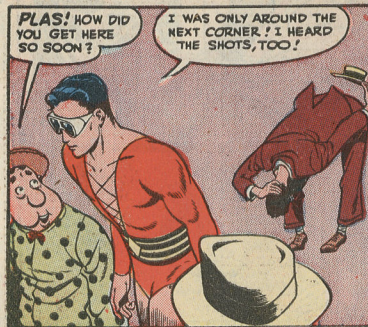
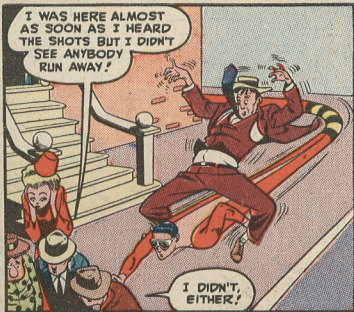
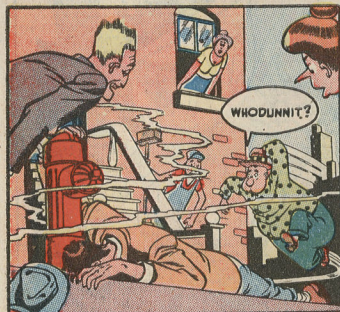
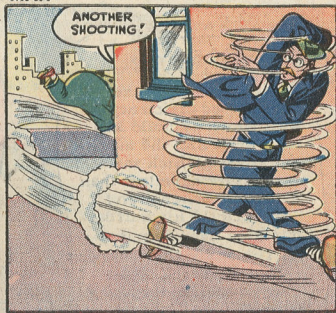
He was known as *The Hot Rod*! He prided himself on the cold-blooded efficiency with which he could kill for a price and the meek appearance, which made him seem more harmless than a million other men!

But could his murderous gun keep him free of the snare that science and **PLASTIC MAN** were laying for him?

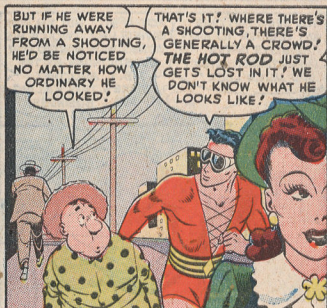
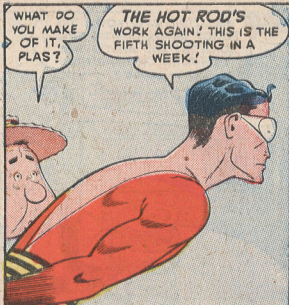
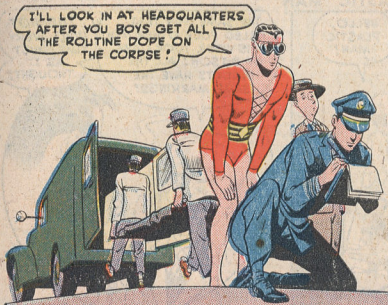
WOW! THAT GUY'S HOT! I'D BETTER PUT HIM OUT!



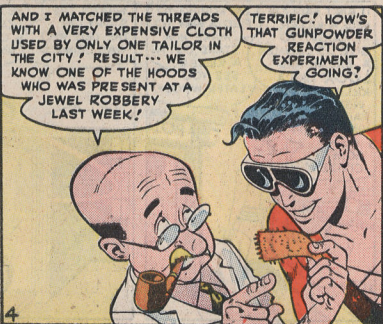
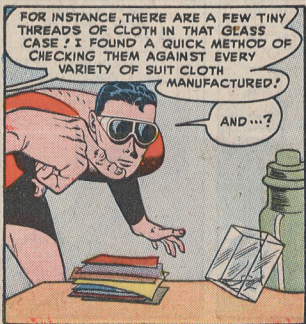
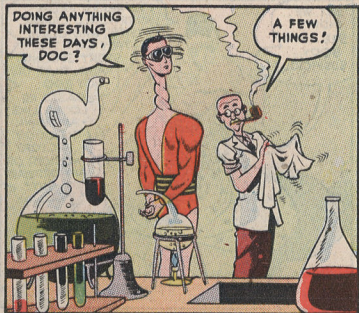
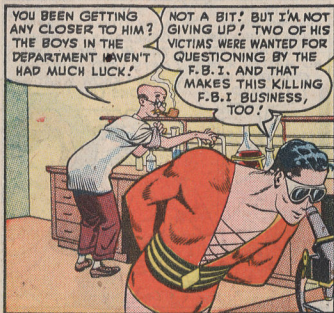
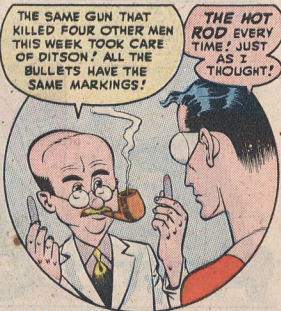
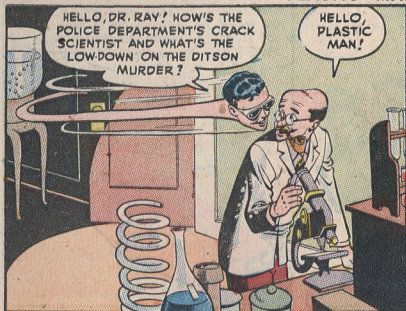
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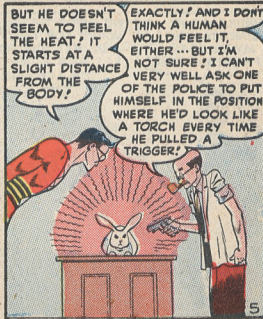
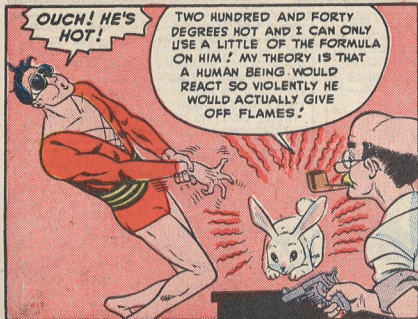
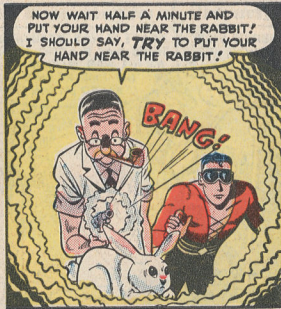
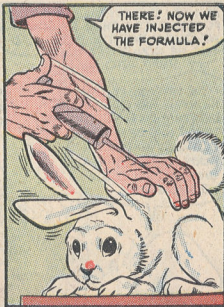
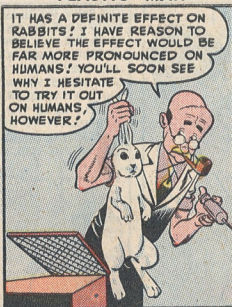
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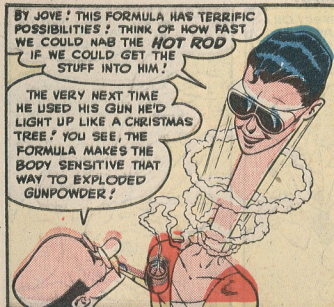
PLASTIC MAN



PLASTIC MAN



PLASTIC MAN



BY JOVE! THIS FORMULA HAS TERRIFIC POSSIBILITIES! THINK OF HOW FAST WE COULD NAB THE **HOT ROD** IF WE COULD GET THE STUFF INTO HIM!

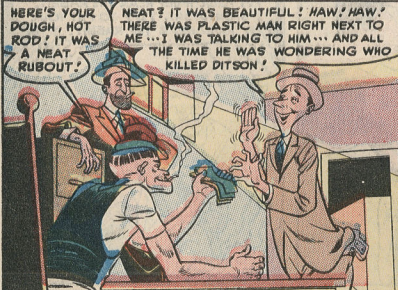
THE VERY NEXT TIME HE USED HIS GUN HE'D LIGHT UP LIKE A CHRISTMAS TREE! YOU SEE, THE FORMULA MAKES THE BODY SENSITIVE THAT WAY TO EXPLODED GUNPOWDER!

THE ONLY HITCH IS WE'D HAVE TO KNOW WHO THE **HOT ROD** IS BEFORE WE COULD JAB THE FORMULA INTO HIM AND, IF WE KNEW THAT, WE WOULDN'T REALLY NEED THE FORMULA! IT'S QUITE A MERRY-GO-ROUND! BE SEEING YOU, DR. RAY!

SO LONG, PLASTIC MAN!



Meanwhile, in an underworld hideout

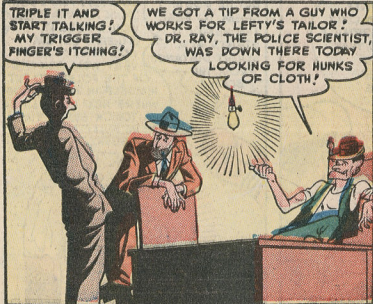


HERE'S YOUR DOUGH, HOT ROD! IT WAS A NEAT RUBOUT!

NEAT? IT WAS BEAUTIFUL! HAW! HAW! THERE WAS PLASTIC MAN RIGHT NEXT TO ME ... I WAS TALKING TO HIM ... AND ALL THE TIME HE WAS WONDERING WHO KILLED DITSON!

SOMEDAY I'LL FINISH OFF PLASTIC MAN, TOO! NOT THAT HE'S ANY THREAT TO ME ... HE'LL NEVER FIND OUT WHO I AM! I'D JUST LIKE TO DO IT FOR LAUGHS SOMETIME!

YEAH! I KNOW SOME GUYS WHO TRIED IT AND THEY SAY IT AIN'T SO EASY! BUT LET'S NOT WASTE TIME DREAMIN'! I GOT ANOTHER JOB FOR YOU! I'LL DOUBLE THE PRICE FOR THIS ONE!

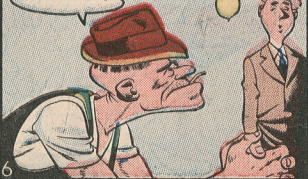


TRIPLE IT AND START TALKING! MY TRIGGER FINGER'S ITCHING!

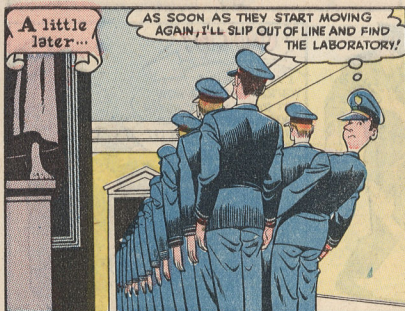
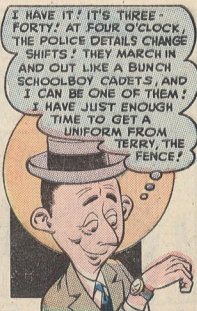
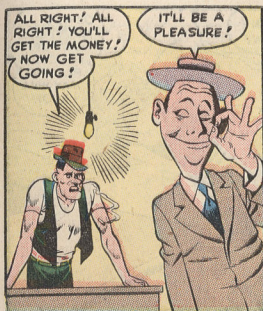
WE GOT A TIP FROM A GUY WHO WORKS FOR LEFTY'S TAILOR! DR. RAY, THE POLICE SCIENTIST, WAS DOWN THERE TODAY LOOKING FOR HUNKS OF CLOTH!

THAT DR. RAY'S A WIZARD! MAYBE HE'S GOT SOME WAY OF TYING LEFTY TO THE BING JEWEL ROBBERY! HE'S HAD TOO MUCH TIME ALREADY! WE'D ALL BE NABBED IF LEFTY WAS CAUGHT! SO YOU'VE GOT TO GET HIM RIGHT AWAY!

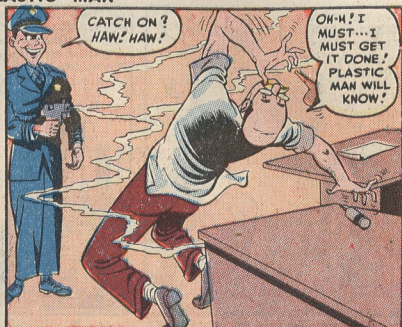
CHECK! THAT'LL COST FIFTEEN GRAND!



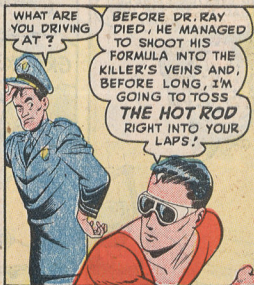
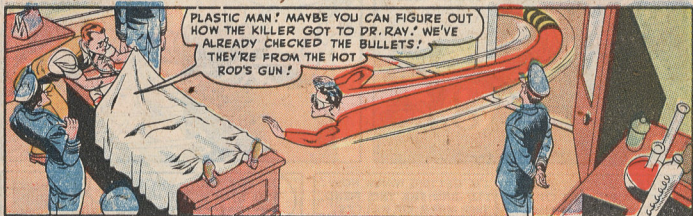
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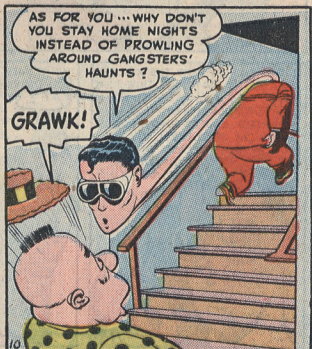
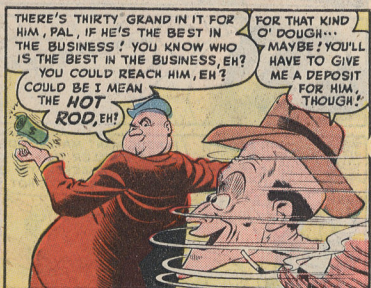
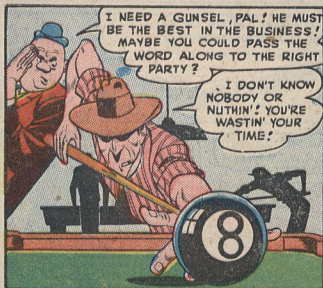
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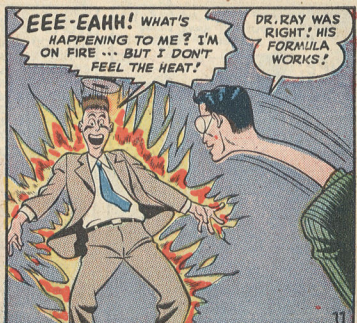
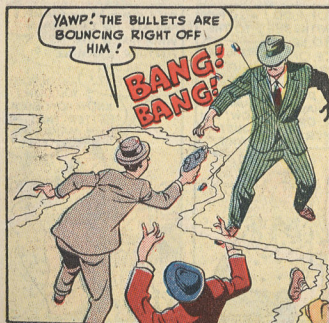
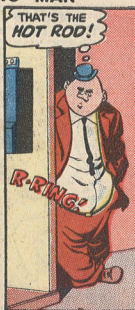
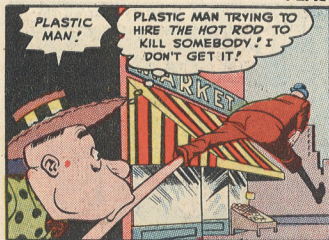
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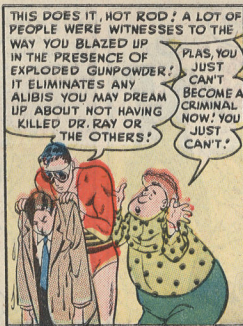
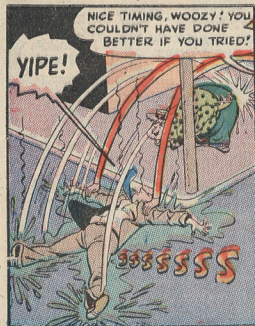
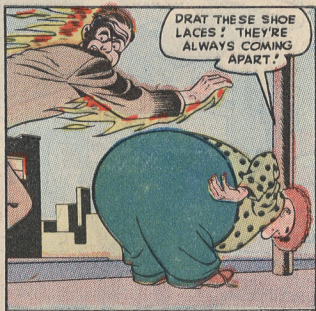
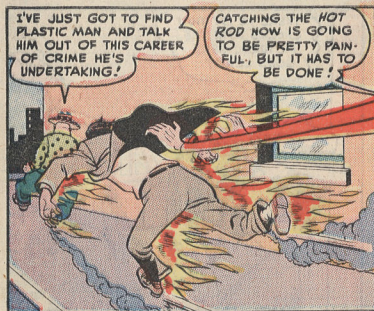
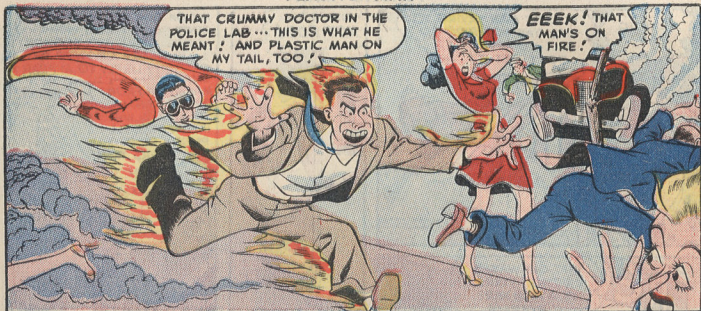
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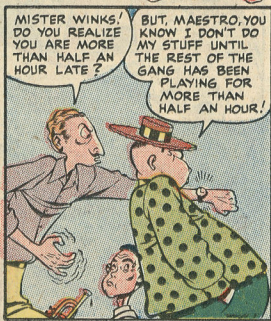
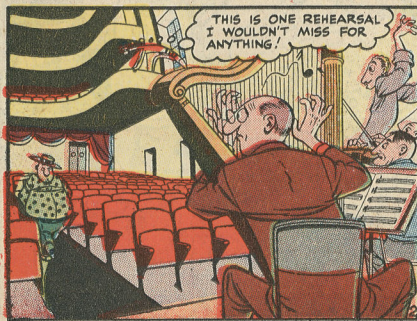
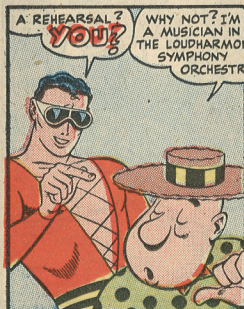
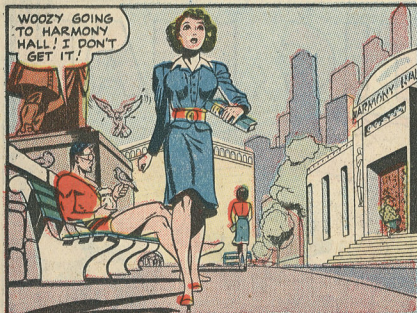


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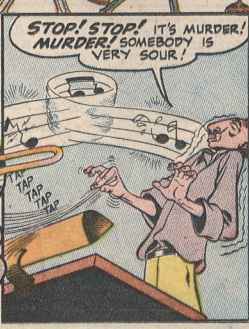
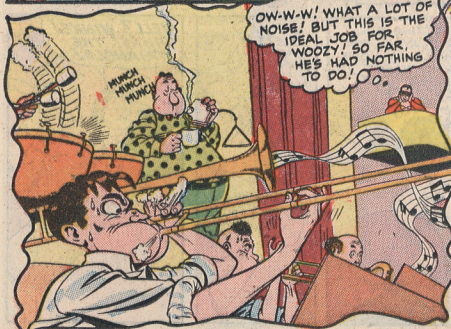
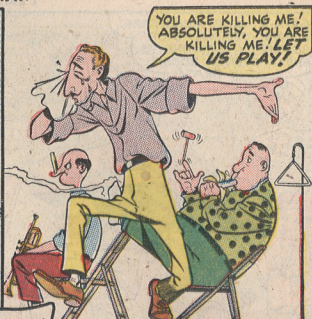
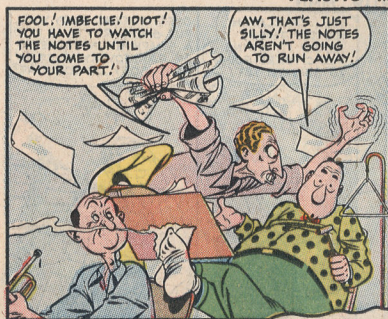
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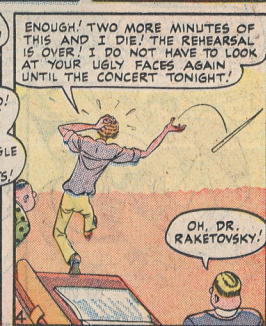
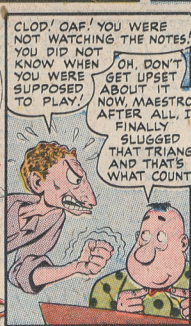
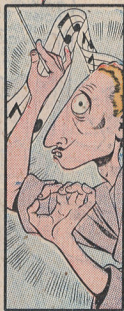
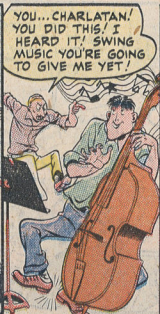
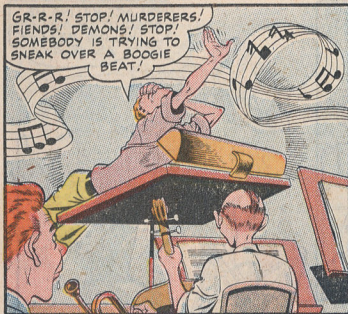
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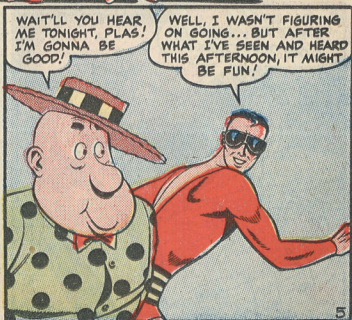
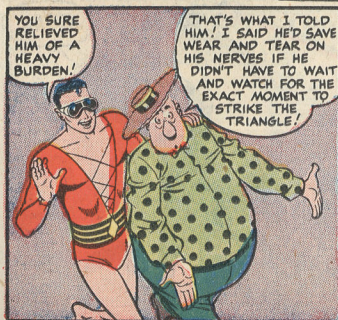
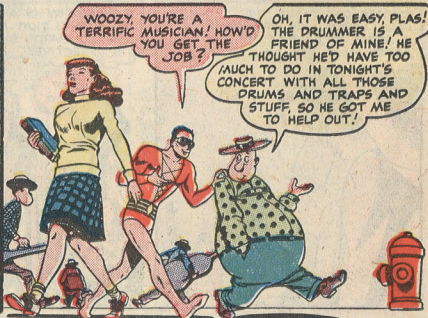
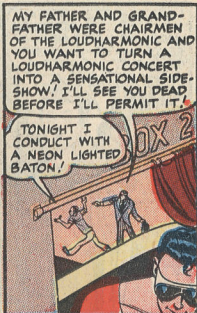
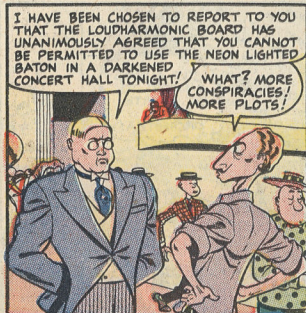
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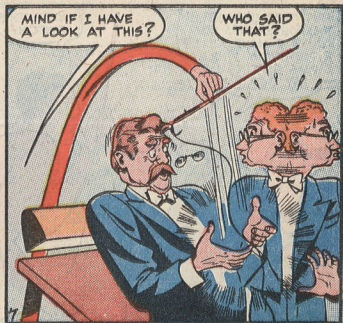
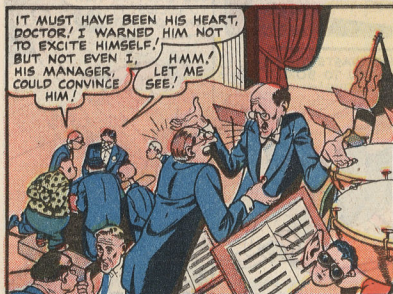
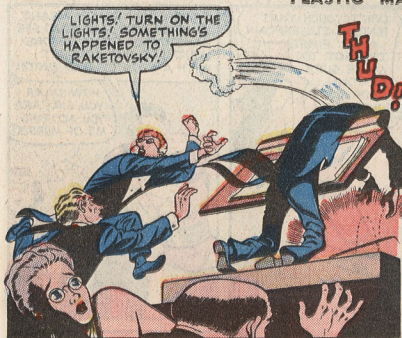
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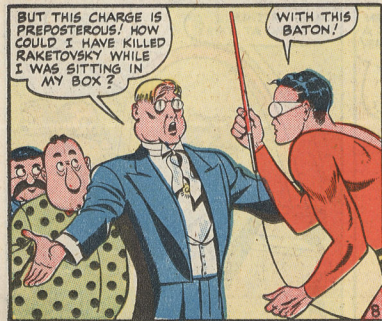
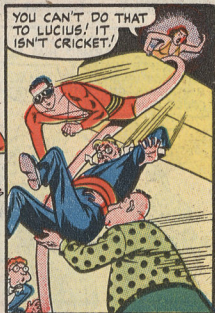
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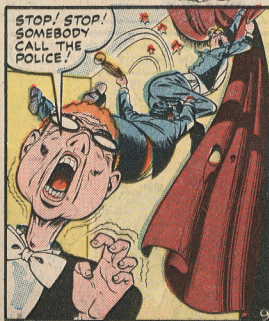
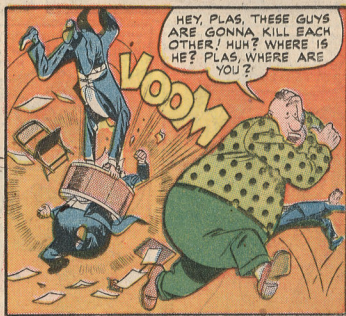
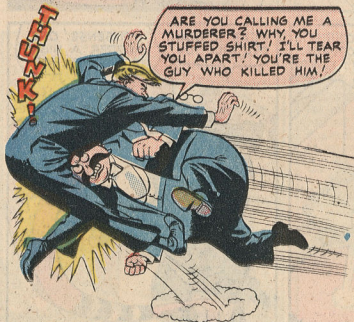
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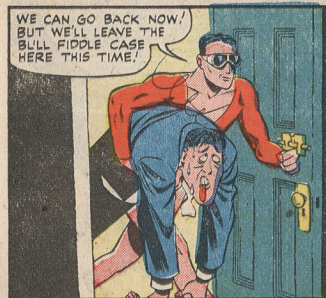
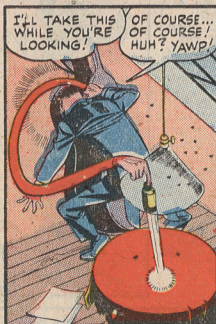
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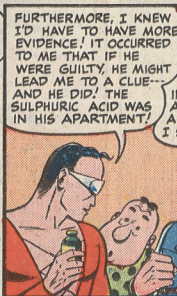
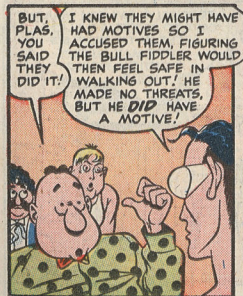
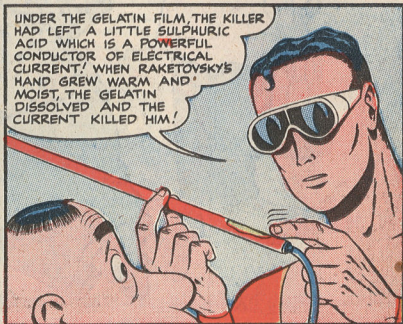
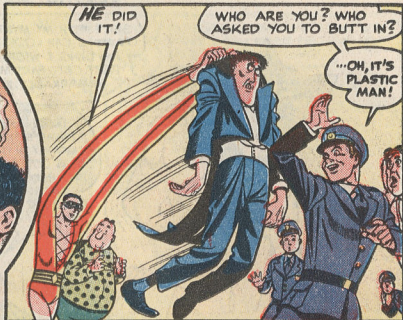
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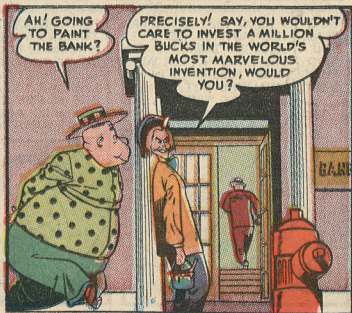
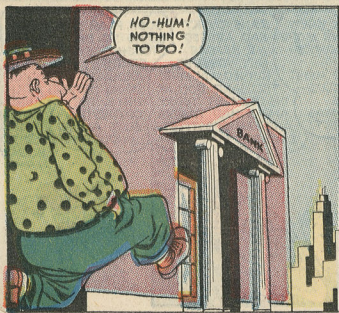
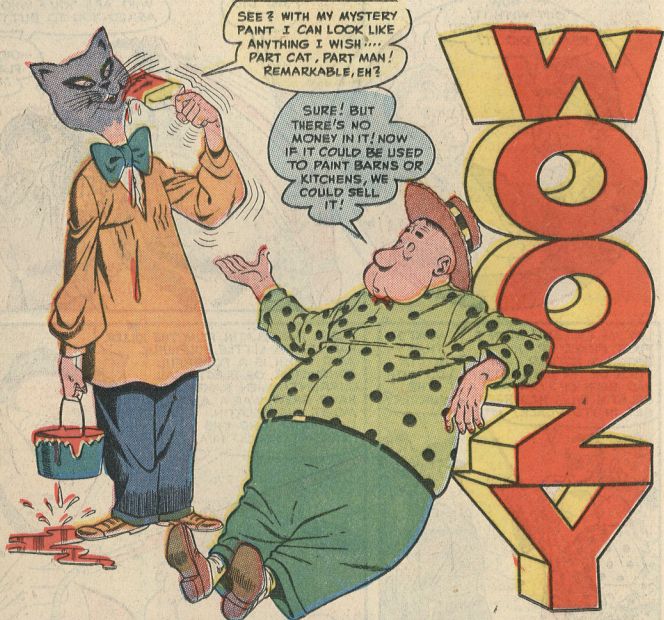
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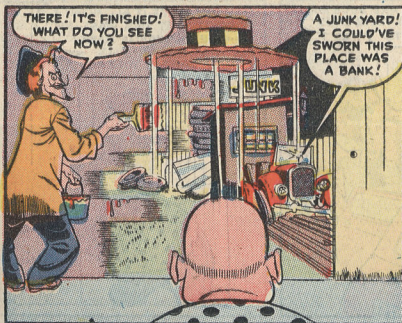
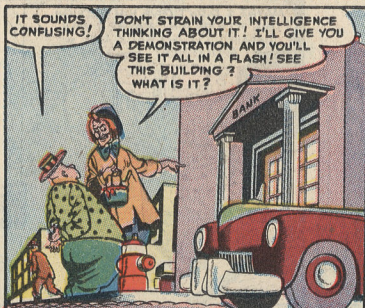
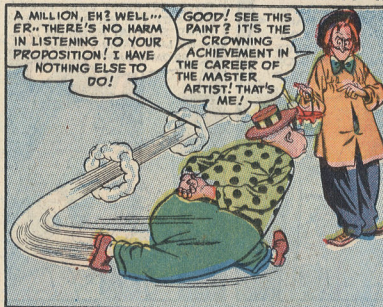
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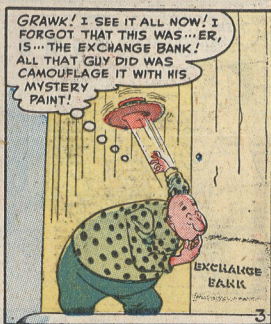
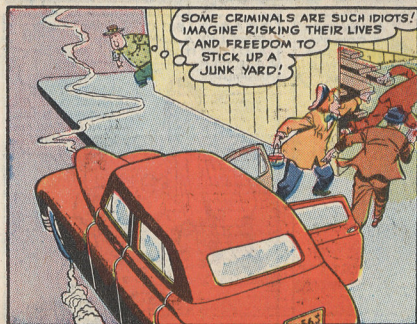
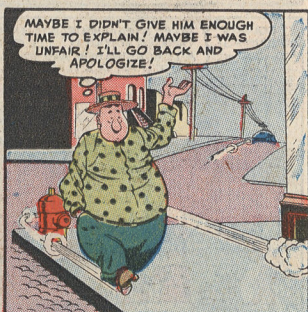
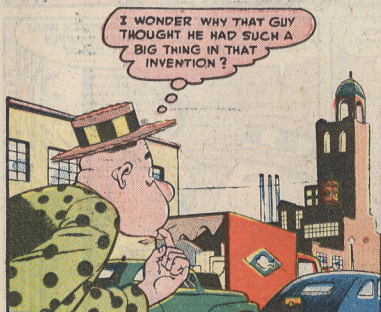
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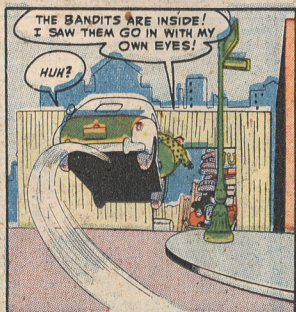
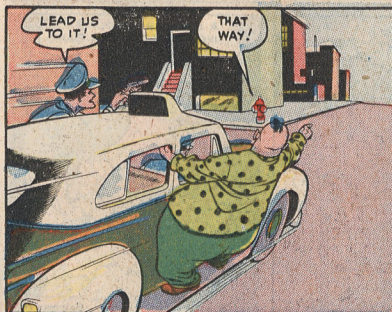
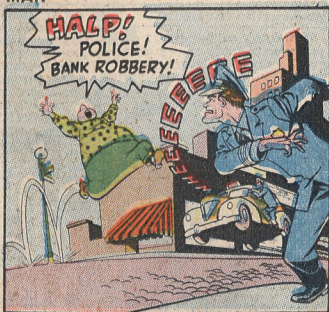
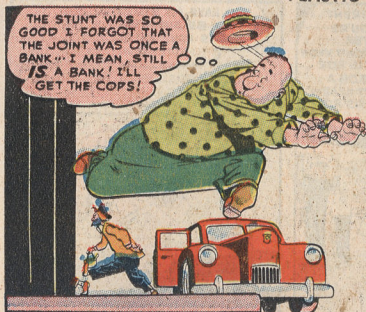
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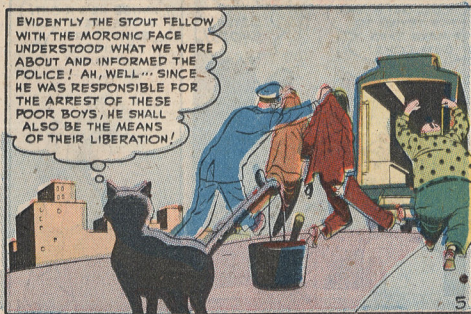
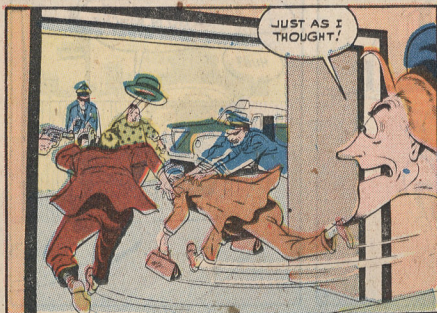
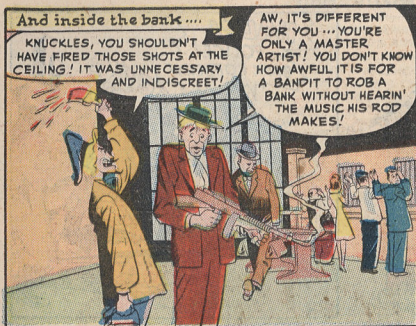
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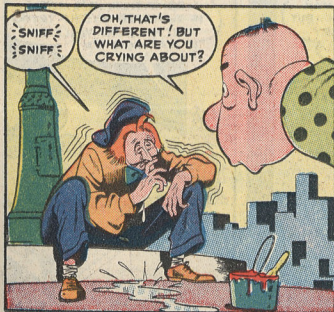
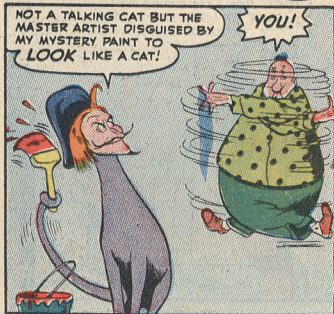
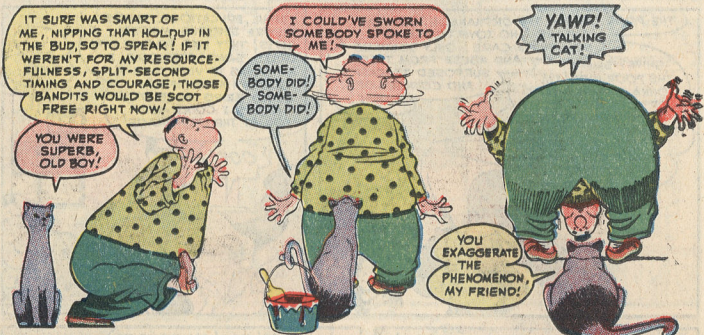
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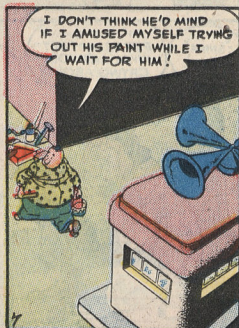
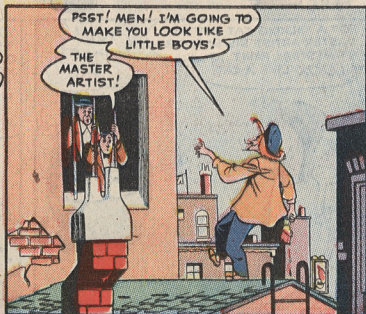
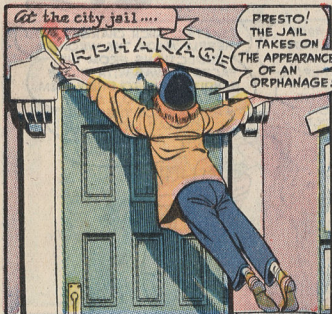
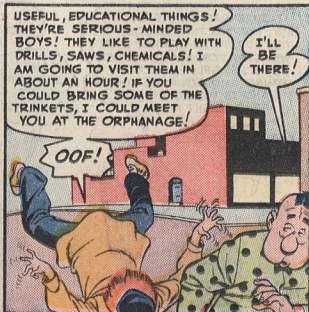
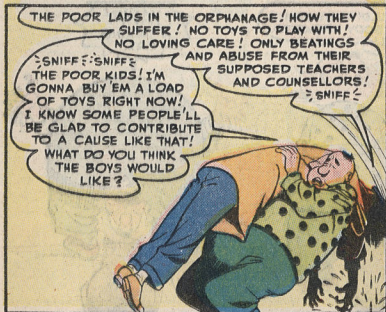
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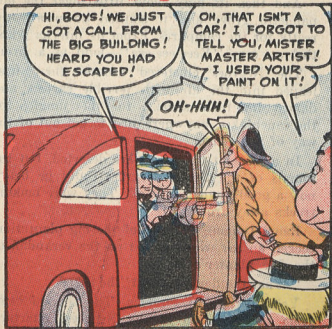
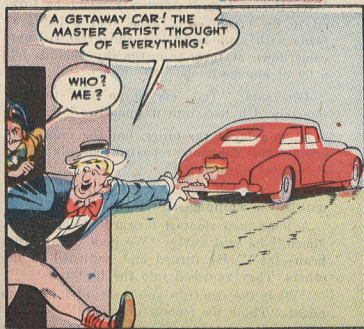
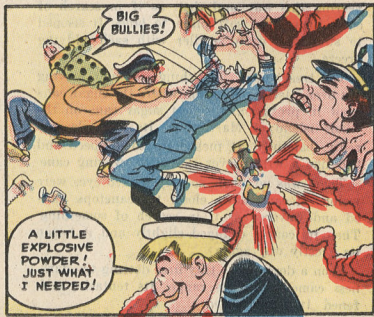
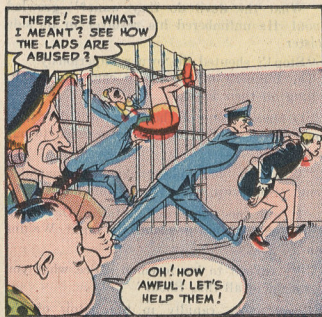
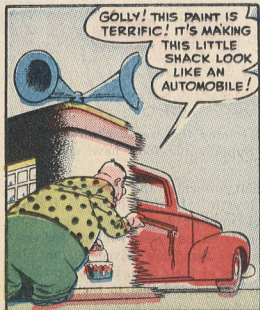
PLASTIC MAN



PLASTIC MAN



PLASTIC MAN



PLASTIC MAN

DOOMBSY'S



THE gigantic thing rose in the air, hovered for a moment motionless, then crept across the treetops. Its motion was silent, sinister. Its shape was not that of any living creature. It was huge, bloated, with many long gangling legs. A pair of tentacles jutted out from its head, like a monstrous butterfly's antenna. The ghoulish part of it, though, was its eyes—two enormous shining disks, shedding bright red fire.

The thing floated along through the night, veering this way and that, as if in search of some prey, or a soft place to land. It seemed to swell and grow smaller with each eddying breeze.

The trees ended. The thing was now moving out over a large plantation where the sugar cane grew in profusion, the best sugar cane on the whole island of Martinique. Its eyes gleamed redly, balefully. It picked up some speed and flew like a wraith over the softly waving cane.

There was no moon, so only its red eyes were visible. It came down closer the canetops, halted and wavered as if in search of something. Then its course changed slightly and it began its ghostly way again.

Soon a dozen or so tiny fires dotting the darkness came within its range. Its tentacles stiffened. It gained speed.

And then its ugly snout lifted over the low palmetto grove and it slanted downward directly for the campfires. From its interior whistled an eery "Eeee-eee-eee" loud as a siren.

The Negroes clustered around their fires leaped into the air with terrible shrieks and darted for their shacks, for the jungle, for the canebrakes, anywhere just to get out of the way of the demon.

In a moment the fires were deserted, but the sounds of the fleeing Negroes could be heard now a good quarter-mile off. They were making tracks away from there.

Raoul Danoul, overseer of the big plantation, cocked an ear where he sat on the verandah of the fine planter's house.

"What the devil is that?" he asked.

Yells. Frightful screams. The sounds came from the direction of the Negroes' quarters, and now the yelling drew closer.

"They're coming this way," observed Raoul uneasily. "Suppose the fools have started an uprising?"

Jene Renoit, owner of the plantation, swore under his breath. "If they have—" He left the sentence unfinished, because a half hundred Negroes burst into view, running for their lives toward the bungalow. Even at that distance the whites of their eyes, rolling fearfully, were plainly visible, and that in the dim lights from the windows.

"What the devil do they want?" growled Raoul. He unlimbered his revolver in its side holster.

"Stop!" shouted the owner imperiously. The foremost of the group came to a halt, falling on their knees.

"O Massa," one of them wailed, "de debbil come. He shore nuff do. He come down to our campfihs!"

"What are you talking about?" demanded Jene. "Speak up, man. What's this nonsense?"

"It ain' no nonsensicus, Massa. De debbil shore nuff come out de clouds dis night. We 'uns ran."

Jene turned to his foreman. "See what you can make of all this, Raoul."

Raoul spoke rapidly in the patois of the West Indian Negro. After a moment he turned to his employer. "Seems that a big gray thing with a thousand legs and great red eyes came down at them from the sky. Sounds like a lot of mumbo-jumbo."

Jene said, "Tell 'em to go back to their quarters. I'll look into it tomorrow."

Raoul relayed the order, but the group still stood. The foreman repeated, sternly. They still stood unwavering.

"Do as I tell you!" shouted Raoul, "or it will be the whipping post for you all!"

A huge man stepped forward. "Not us'uns, Massa," he said softly. "We goin' away from heah—fas!" He turned and motioned to the others. They vanished into the blackness.

"What the devil do you make of it?" Jene asked. "Think the fools meant that?"

Raoul scratched his head. "I wouldn't worry

PLASTIC MAN

about it tonight, sir. I think they'll be there in the morning."

But they were not there in the morning. They had gone, every last one of them. And the harvesting season coming on!

What was worse, Jene Renoit couldn't induce a single Negro to take a job on his plantation. It was jinxed. The devil-devil curse was on it. Demons flew out of the night sky.

His cane was drying up under the hot sun and there was nothing he could do about it. He was in a sweat. He offered large wages. Doubled them. Still no one would come forward. Ruin faced him.

Then one day he was in town at one of the better taverns where planters gathered. And he heard a strange story. Hugo Solvang, a Danish planter, had experienced a similar fate. A strange thing had crept across the tops of the cane and scared every one of his planters away. He, too, faced certain ruin.

"I'm going to sell out," he told the assembly. "Hate to do it, after being out here twenty years, but there's nothing else I can do. I'll be wiped out if I can't get help to cut that cane."

Renoit and Solvang compared notes. It sounded like the same business, all right. But what the devil could this *thing* be? Had anyone seen it, except the Negroes?

"No one had."

During the next two weeks, three more fine plantations were deserted by their employees, and that made five of the biggest planters on the island holding the bag.

Solvang was the first to be approached by a foreign syndicate to sell out. He accepted, and moved to the States. Next, Cloate van Swerern, the wealthy Dutch planter across the island, succumbed to the foreign syndicate's none-too-good offer. He felt he had to. He was losing a great amount of money on his ancient cane.

Another of the planters sold his holdings. "I'm not selling," Renoit told Raoul. "I won't sell to a bunch of swindlers like that. I'll lose everything first."

"What do you know about Dr. Doomsby?" Raoul asked Renoit.

"Doomsby? Only that he came to the island about a year ago. Specialist of some kind, I believe. Why?"

Raoul cleared his throat. "I saw that syndicate representative in deep conversation with

him this afternoon, at Doomsby's office. They acted rather furtive."

The phone rang inside the house, and soon the boy pattered out saying that Renoit was wanted. He excused himself. He was back in a moment.

"It's over at Baxter's," he said to Raoul. "The so-called thing. Come on. Pick up a couple of rifles. We're going to do some sniping."

When Raoul came out with the rifles, the two started off. It was less than a half mile to Baxter's plantation, adjoining Renoit's. They crept softly the last few hundred yards.

Most of the Negroes had already deserted Baxter's place, but a few hung on. The thing evidently meant to clear them all off.

"Easy," said Renoit. "Look! There it comes."

Sure enough, the bloated monster of the air was floating toward them, its red eyes glowing. Renoit lifted his rifle. The thing veered, started off in another direction. Renoit pressed the trigger.

There was a puff, and the thing collapsed to the ground. Renoit started off at a dead run. Both men could hear a crashing through the cane. A man running at great speed.

"Halt!" cried the Frenchman. He cut loose with a volley.

"Don't shoot!" came a voice out of the cane. In a moment a sheepish looking man cringed out of the shadows and stood, feet shifting, hands lifted. It was a no-account town bum, Heinie.

"You, Heinie!" cried Renoit. "What—"

"They made me do it!" exclaimed the poor fellow, shivering. "Doe an' that furrin feller."

"Uh-huh," said Renoit. "I figured something of the kind. Their trick to get the planters to sell their land. That was a rubber balloon thing you carried; wasn't it, Heinie?"

The man nodded.

"With two lights and a small whistle device fastened to a rubber which you held in your mouth?" persisted the Frenchman.

"Yeah."

"Well, Heinie," went on Renoit, "you and Raoul and I are going in to town in the morning. We will take the collapsed bag as evidence. I think several planters will like to get their hands on this Dr. Doomsby and the syndicate gentleman. Come on to the house."

PLASTIC MAN

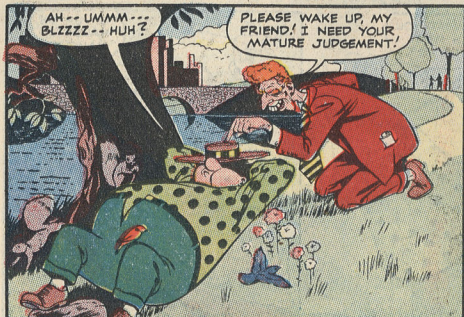
PLASTIC MAN



MR. UGLEE WAS THE HOMELIEST MAN IN THE WORLD! WHEN HE WAS A BABY, THEY USED HIM TO SCARE ADULTS! WHEN HE BECAME AN ADULT, HE SCARED **EVERYBODY!**

EVEN **PLASTIC MAN** TURNED HIS EYES AWAY WHEN HE HAD TO FACE **MR. UGLEE** AND DESTROY HIS FANTASTIC SCHEME TO BECOME THE HANDSOMEST MAN IN THE WORLD --- BY COMPARISON!

PLASTIC MAN



AH -- UMMM ---
BLZZZZ -- HUH?

PLEASE WAKE UP, MY
FRIEND! I NEED YOUR
MATURE JUDGEMENT!

AMBLTZE! HUH?
WHAT? DAWGONNIT,
JUST AS CLEOPATRA
WAS GOING TO
KISS ME, TOO!
WELL, WHADDAYUH
WANT?

YOUR
HONEST
OPINION,
SIR!

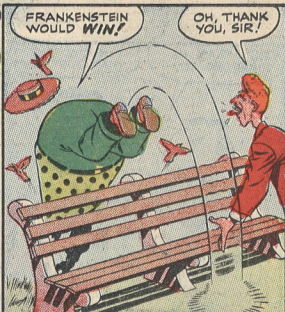


DO YOU THINK
I'M **TERRIBLY**
HOMELY?

HUH? WELL--
--ER ...

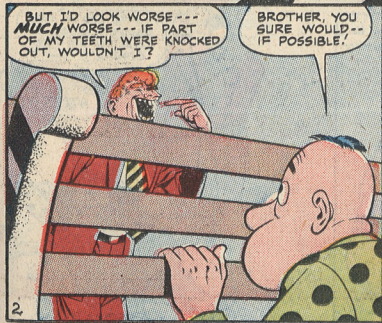
IF YOU INSIST, I'D SAY
IF YOU AND
FRANKENSTEIN
WERE IN A
BEAUTY
CONTEST
TOGETHER...

YES,
YES!
GO ON!



FRANKENSTEIN
WOULD **WIN!**

OH, THANK
YOU, SIR!



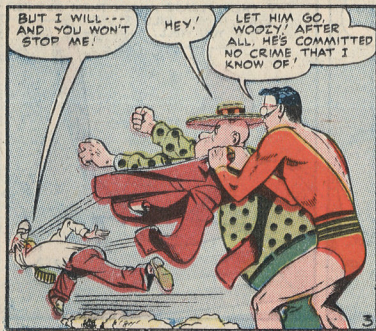
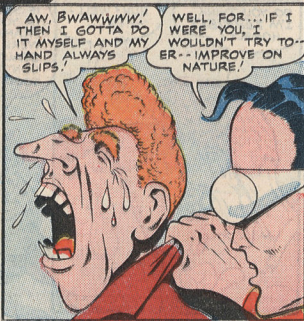
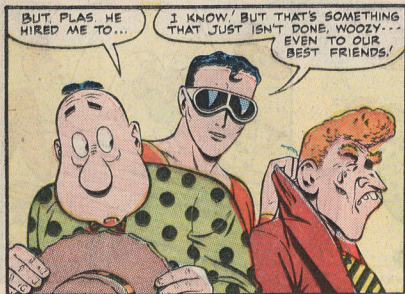
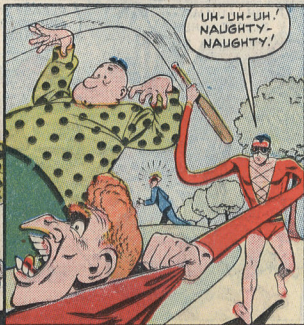
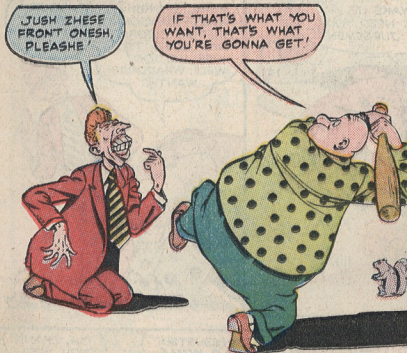
BUT I'D LOOK WORSE ---
MUCH WORSE --- IF PART
OF MY TEETH WERE KNOCKED
OUT, WOULDN'T I?

BROTHER, YOU
SURE WOULD --
IF POSSIBLE.



THEN PLEASE KNOCK THEM OUT FOR
ME, IF YOU WILL! I'LL PAY
YOU WELL!

PLASTIC MAN



PLASTIC MAN

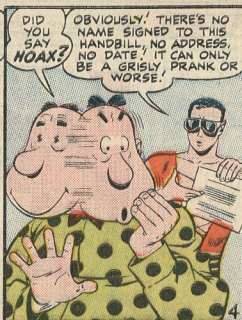
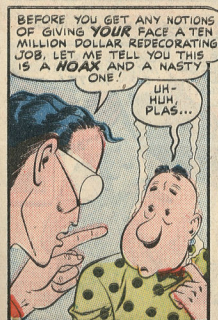
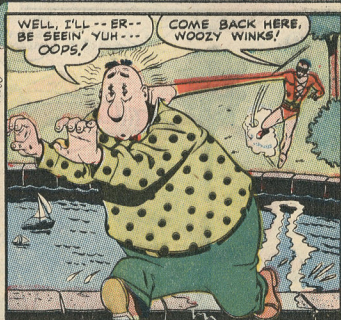
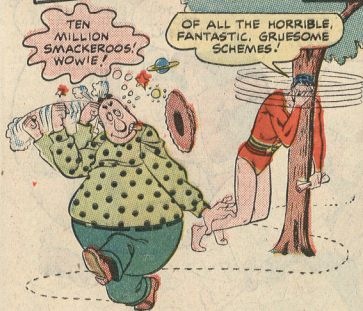


IT PAYS TO BE HOMELY!

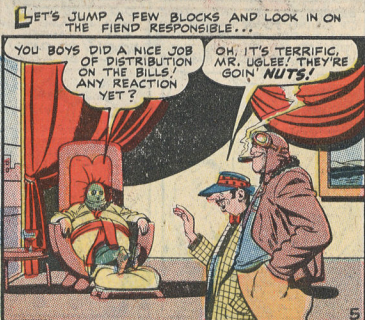
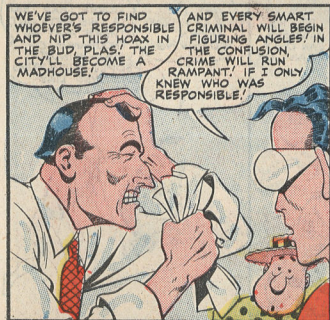
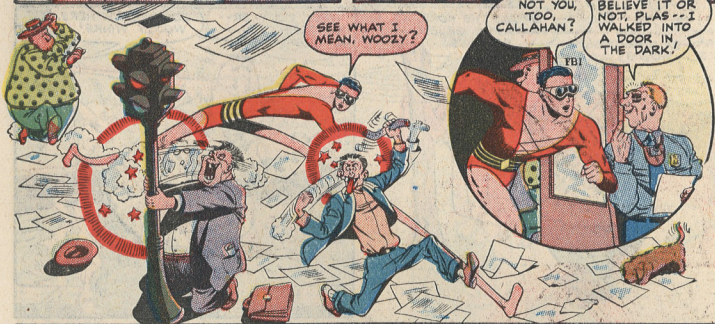
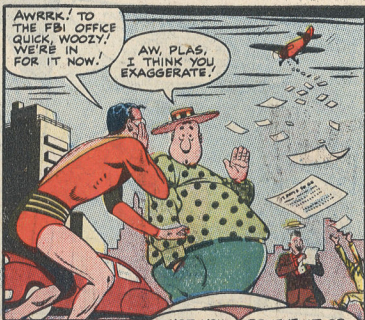
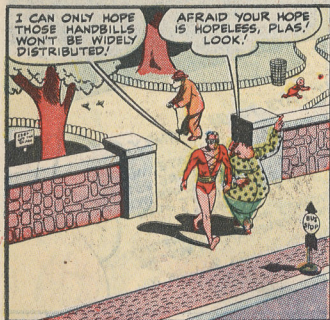
BY THE WILL OF A LATE MULTI-MILLIONAIRE, HIS ENTIRE ESTATE OF TEN MILLION DOLLARS WILL GO TO THE HOMELIEST MAN IN THE WORLD!

APPLICANTS MUST BE IN THE CITY BY NEXT WEDNESDAY FOR JUDGING!

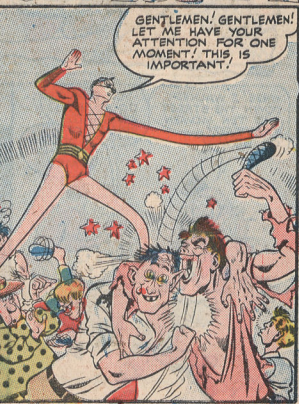
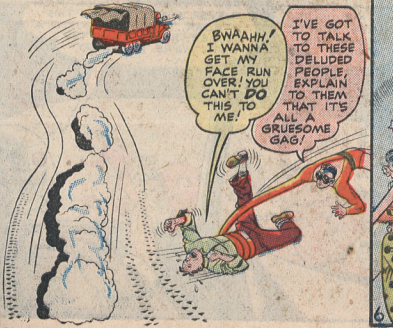
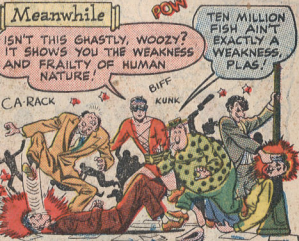
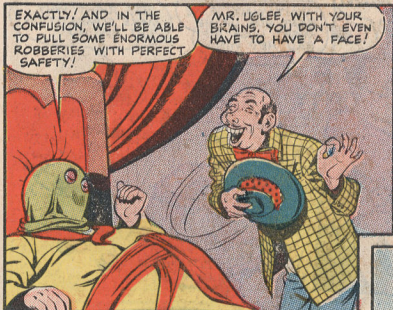
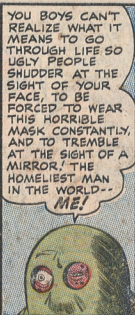
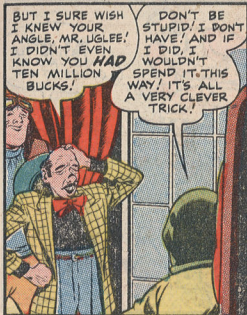
P.S. THE TEN MILLION DOLLARS WILL BE PAID IN CASH!



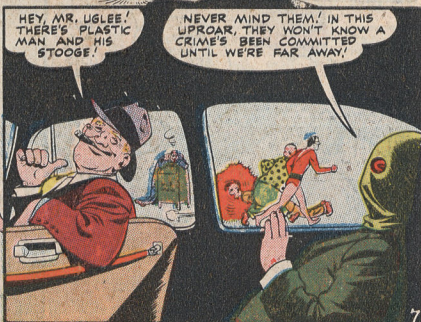
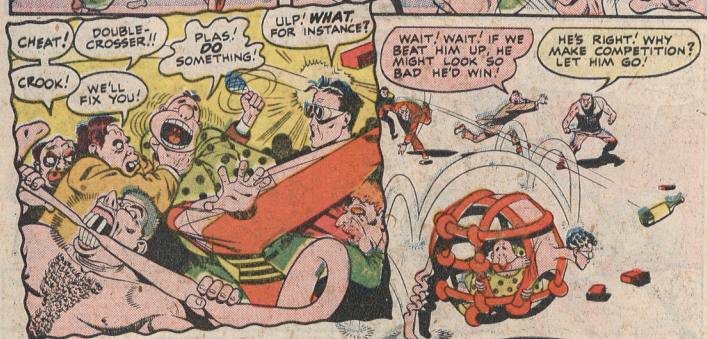
PLASTIC MAN



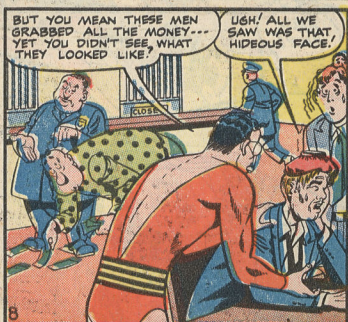
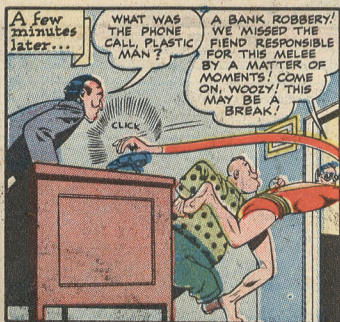
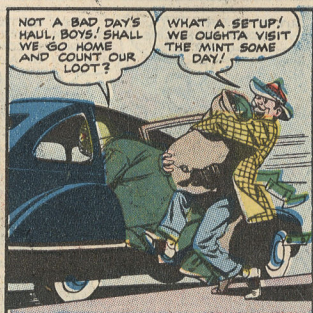
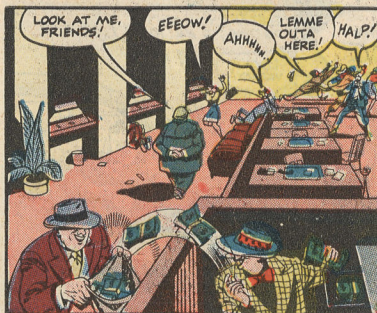
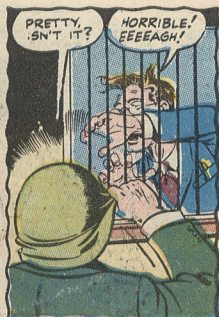
PLASTIC MAN



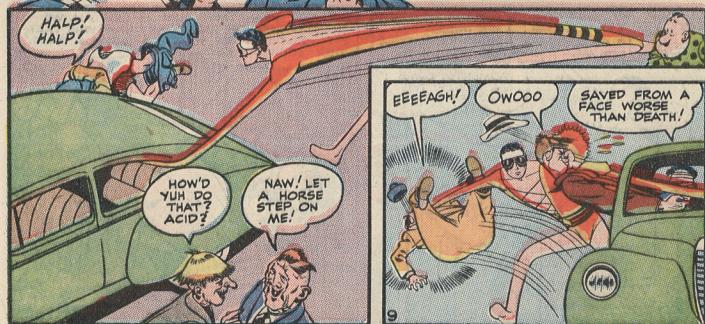
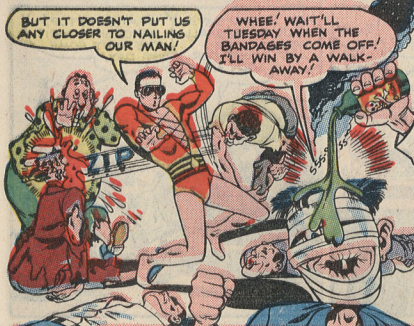
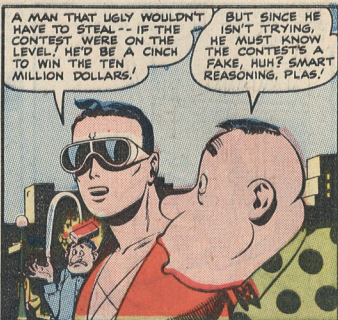
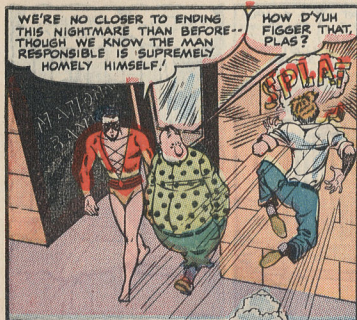
PLASTIC MAN



PLASTIC MAN



PLASTIC MAN



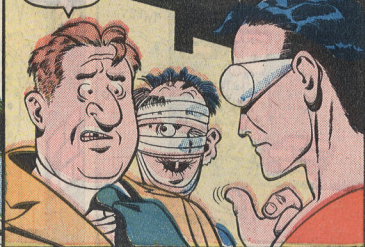
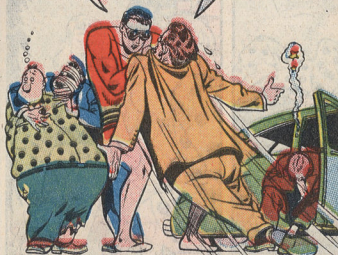
PLASTIC MAN

GUNNER GATES!
WHAT HAVE YOU TO
DO WITH THIS
NIGHTMARE?

NOT A THING, PLASTIC
MAN! I SWEAR IT!
THIS WAS JUST A
LITTLE SIDE DEAL!

WE GOT A CANDIDATE
FOR THAT PRIZE MONEY
WHO'S PRETTY HOMELY--
BUT THIS GUY WAS
WORSE!

SO---YOU WERE GOING
TO ELIMINATE
COMPETITION BY
MURDER!



NOT THAT, PLASTIC MAN!
HONEST! WE WAS GONNA
TAKE THIS GUY TO A DOC
AND GET HIS FACE
LIFTED SO
HE'D BE
HANDSOME!

AND RUIN
HIS CHANCES
OF BEING
THE WORLD'S
HOMELIEST
MAN, EH?

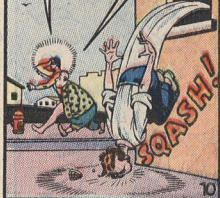
IN THAT CASE, GUNNER,
GO RIGHT AHEAD! IT'S
THE BEST THING
THAT COULD
HAPPEN TO HIM!

EEEEEAHHHH!

THANKS,
PLASTIC MAN!
I'LL DO AS
MUCH FOR
YOU SOME
DAY!

WOOLZY, I'VE BEEN A FOOL!
THE CURE FOR THIS MADNESS
IS SO OBVIOUS I OVERLOOKED
IT COMPLETELY!

YOU MEAN DRAG 'EM
ALL TO A DOC FOR A
FACE-LIFTING?

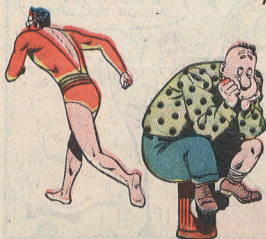
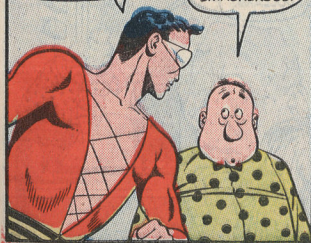


NOTHING AS CLUMSY AS
THAT! YET I DON'T DOUBT
THE RESULT WILL BE A
RUSH OF BUSINESS FOR
PLASTIC SURGEONS!

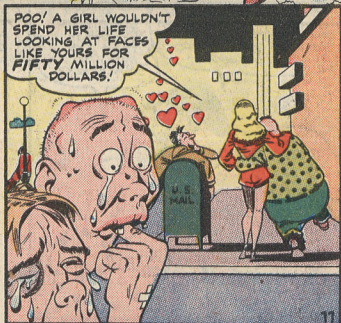
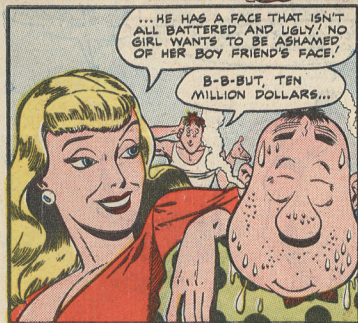
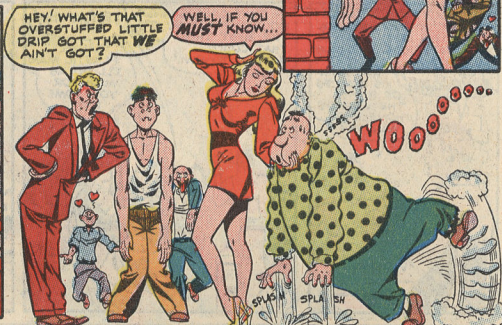
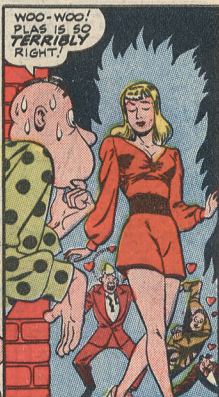
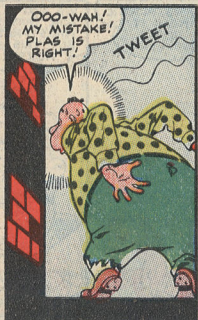
IT BETTER BE
SOMETHING
STRONGER
THAN TEN
MILLION
SMACKEROOS!

IT IS, WOOLZY--TAKE MY WORD
FOR IT! IT'S PROBABLY THE ONLY
FORCE ON EARTH THAT IS!
STICK AROUND AND SEE!

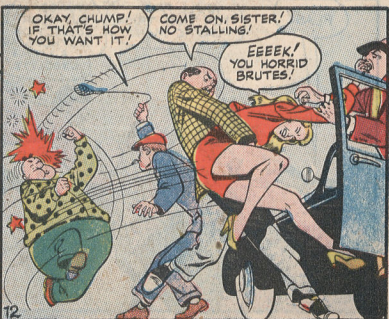
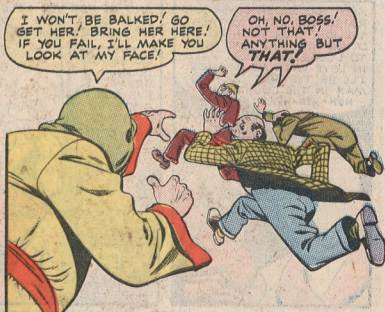
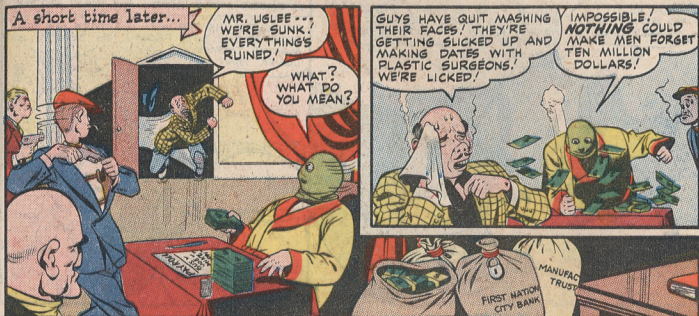
I'LL BE AROUND,
ALL RIGHT!



PLASTIC MAN



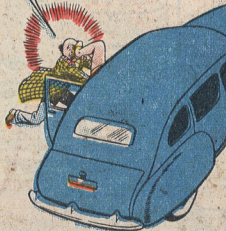
PLASTIC MAN



PLASTIC MAN

WHAT'LL I DO WITH THIS MONKEY, JASE?

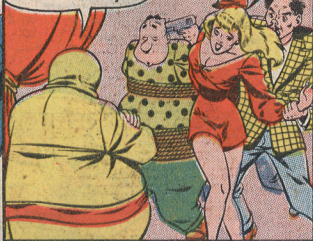
THAT'S PLASTIC MAN'S STOOGE! BRING HIM ALONG! UGLEE'LL WANNA KNOW THE CONNECTION BETWEEN THIS BABE AND PLASTIC MAN!



A short time later...

SO YOU'RE THE ONE WHO STOPPED THE BOYS FROM MAKING THEMSELVES UGLIER THAN I?

WHAT DO YOU INTEND TO DO WITH ME, YOU BEAST?



KEEP YOU UNDER COVER AND RAISE THE ANTE TO TWENTY MILLION! THEN WHEN ALL THE OTHER MEN ARE BATTERED TO UGLINESS... YOU'LL FALL IN LOVE WITH ME BECAUSE I'LL BE THE BEST LOOKING MAN IN THE COUNTRY! HEH-HEH-HEH!



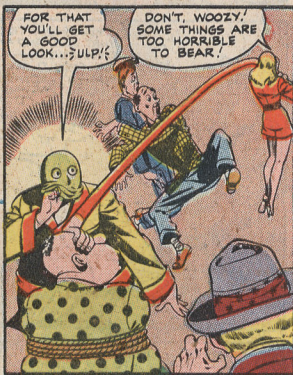
AND AS FOR YOU--I'LL GIVE YOU A LOOK AT MY FACE!

GO AHEAD, DOUGH-BRAIN! I'VE GOT A STRONG STUMMICK!



FOR THAT YOU'LL GET A GOOD LOOK...SULP!

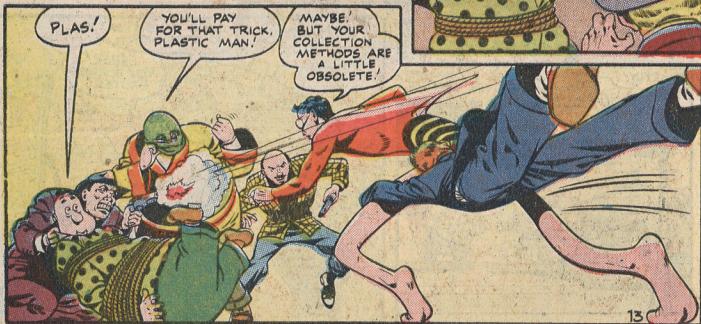
DON'T, WOOLZY! SOME THINGS ARE TOO HORRIBLE TO BEAR!



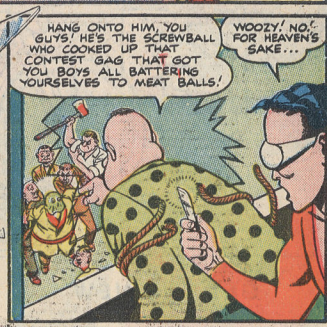
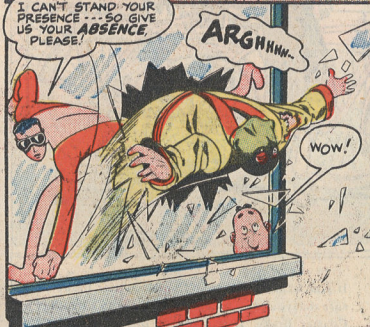
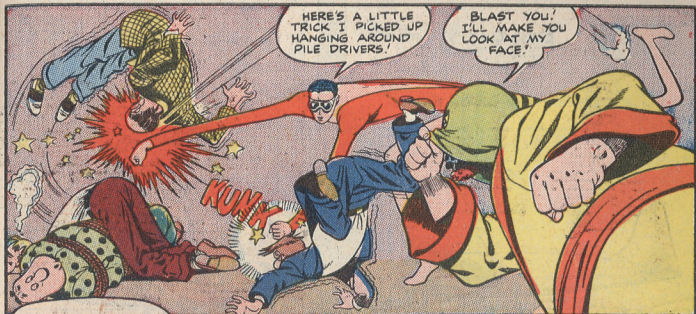
PLAS!

YOU'LL PAY FOR THAT TRICK, PLASTIC MAN!

MAYBE, BUT YOUR COLLECTION METHODS ARE A LITTLE OBSOLETE!

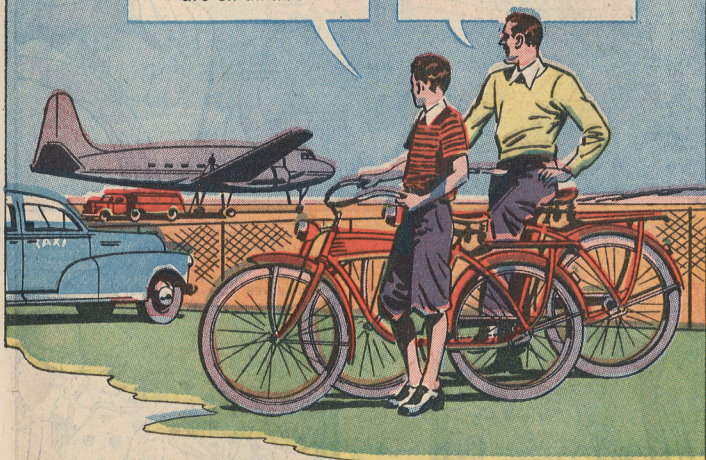


PLASTIC MAN



"Gosh Dad, you mean
Bendix Brakes
are on all three!"

"Yes Son—Bendix builds
brakes for all types of Air-
craft and Automotive use!"



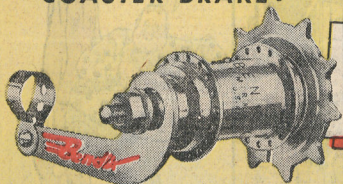
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- * Stops Quicker * Coasts Longer

ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION of **Bendix** AVIATION CORPORATION ELMIRA, NEW YORK

What's My Job?—I Manufacture Weaklings into MEN!

Charles Atlas

Actual Photograph of the man who holds the title "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

GIVE ME a skinny, pepleless, second-rate body—and I'll cram it so full of handsome, bulging new muscle that your friends will grow bug-eyed! . . . I'll wake up that sleeping energy of yours and make it hum like a high-powered motor! Man, you'll feel and look different! You'll begin to LIVE!



Let Me Make YOU a NEW MAN—IN JUST 15 MINUTES A DAY!

You wouldn't believe it, but I myself used to be a 97-lb. weakling. Fellows called me "Skinny." Girls snickered and made fun of me behind my back. I was a flop. THEN I discovered my marvelous new muscle-building system—"Dynamic Tension." And it turned me into such a complete specimen of MANHOOD that today I hold the title "THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN."

That's how I traded in my "bag of bones" for a barrel of muscle! And I felt so much better, so much on top of the world in my big, new, husky body, that I decided to devote my whole life to helping other fellows change themselves into "perfectly developed men."

What Is "Dynamic Tension"? How Does It Work?

When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky, strapping fellow smiling back at you—then you'll be astounded at how short a time it takes "Dynamic Tension" to GET RESULTS!

"Dynamic Tension" is the easy, NATURAL method you can practice in the privacy of your own room—JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY—while your scrawny shoulder muscles begin to swell, ripple . . . those spindly arms and legs of yours bulge . . . and your whole body starts to feel "alive," full of zip and go!

One Postage Stamp May Change Your Whole Life!

As I've pictured up above, I'm steadily building broad-shouldered, dynamic MEN—day by day—the country over.

2,000,000 fellows, young and old, have already gambled a postage stamp to ask for my FREE book. They wanted to read and see for themselves how I'm building up scrawny bodies, and how I'm piling down fat, flabby ones—how I'm turning them into breath-taking human dynamos of real MANPOWER.

Take just a few seconds NOW to fill in and mail the coupon at right, and you will receive at once my FREE book—"Everlasting Health and Strength" that PROVES with actual snap-shots what "Dynamic Tension" has done for others—what it can do for YOU! Address: CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 3307, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

FREE

Mail the coupon below right now for my FREE illustrated book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Tells all about "Dynamic Tension" methods. Cramped with pictures, facial Address me personally: CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 0000, 115 E. 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.



CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 3307
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name _____
(Please print or write plainly)

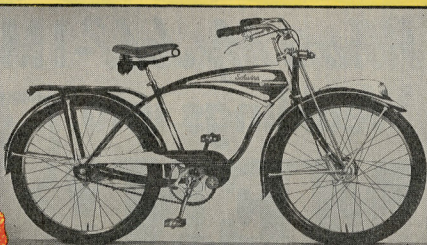
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One look tells you . . . you need a sparkling new Schwinn-Built Bicycle to outclass all the rest! Exclusively Schwinn-Built are such pace-setting features as Knee-Action Spring Fork for smoother, easier riding, Tubular Rims for greater strength with less weight, Forewheel Brake for trigger-quick stops, Built-in Kickstand for trouble-free parking, and Cyclelock for built-in theft-protection. Be out in front with America's favorite . . . the precision-engineered Schwinn-Built Bicycles. See your Schwinn dealer . . . today. Look for his name in your Classified Telephone Directory.

1 WHAT'RE YOU DOIN', SPEEDY?

I'VE SET A TRAP FOR THOSE GUYS WHO HAVE BEEN STEALIN' BIKES HERE AT TH' SCHOOL YARD

2 THERE ARE SOME GUYS WALKIN' UP TO MY BIKE NOW—HURRY UP, MERILEE . . . GET TH' POLICE!

3 THIS BIKE HAS A CYCLOCK! I CAN'T—

OH-OH! TH' COPS!

STAND WHERE YOU ARE!

BE SURE TO LOOK FOR THE SCHWINN SEAL OF QUALITY ON THE FRAME BENEATH THE SADDLE

FREE!

IT'S SCHWINN FOR GIRLS' BICYCLES, TOO

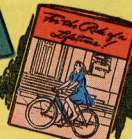
LATER

YOU KIDS HAVE BROKEN UP A GANG OF VICIOUS CRIMINALS — WERE PROUD WITH CYCLOCKS IT OF YOU

THANKS — BUT IF ALL KIDS HAD SCHWINN BIKES LIKE OURS WOULD DISCOURAGE BIKE STEALING

EXCITING MOVIE STAR-BICYCLE FOLDER

Just fill in the coupon, paste it on a penny postcard and mail. You'll get a thrilling full-color folder, filled with pictures of your favorite movie stars enjoying their Schwinn-Built Bicycles. Send for your copy . . . now!



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